

M. Goode

“In Cap and Uniform”



Calgary General Hospital
CALGARY, ALBERTA

1940

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“In Cap and Uniform”



Calgary General Hospital
CALGARY, ALBERTA

1940

Dedication



In the midst of the strife and
tumult enveloping the world to-
day, we would dedicate this book
to the

CAUSE OF PEACE

with the sincere pledge of our
loyal allegiance.



TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1940

It is with the greatest of pleasure I extend to the young ladies of the '40 class the sincere congratulations and well wishes of the City of Calgary.

The Calgary General Hospital Training School over a period of years has enjoyed a very enviable reputation. Many of its graduates are today occupying important positions in leading hospitals not only in Canada but in the United States as well.

This speaks well, not only for the standard of training carried on in our School, but also for the type of students enrolled. I am sure that 1940 class will live up to the record set by its predecessors and that many of the nurses who will receive their diplomas this year will make contributions to one of the most important of our professions equally as outstanding and worth while.

It is my personal hope that all the graduates will be blessed in the days to come with health, happiness and prosperity, and that they will be able to look back upon the time spent in our Training School with pleasure and satisfaction.

Sincerely yours,

ANDREW DAVISON,
Mayor.



TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1940

For three long years achievement has been your watchword and your eyes have been steadily focussed on the dawn of this great day—your graduation.

The way has not always been smooth, but with courage undaunted you have mastered the climb, and now with the broader horizon in view you stand together ready to march forward in the light of progress and advancement.

Our Nation at war is a shadowing note and a history yet unwritten. With patriotic fervor and skill you will answer should our Empire call.

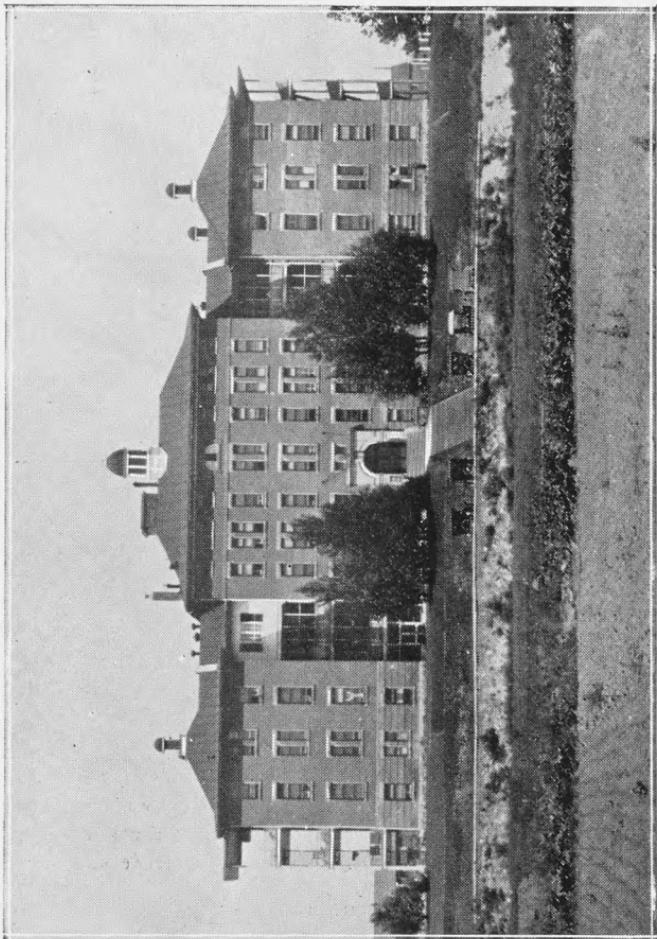
Your Alma Mater, proud of your record as students, will retain an unfailing interest in your various careers, and may your contribution to the nursing world characterize the traditions of your School and profession.

My affectionate good wishes go with you.

Faithfully yours,

SARA S. MACDONALD, R.N.,

Superintendent of Nurses.



The Calgary General Hospital



TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1940

Messages to members of Graduating Classes seem to embrace two main ideas, congratulation and advice.

First, I offer congratulations to each member of the Class upon attaining one milestone in life. The training you have received in the hospital will serve you well wherever your lot be cast. Continuing to study and grow mentally, you will scale other heights.

Second, advice. In everyday life, this is easy to give and is freely offered, is usually irrelevant, costs the giver nothing in cash, and often little in mental effort, hence we all get much of it, often from well-meaning sources. Some sound advice is good for us all, therefore one has to carefully segregate the good from the bad if one is to profit from what is often a well meant effort. I will try to give some advice, which I hope is good, as a result of mental effort.

For the ambitious to rise in her profession, further continuous and steady study and intelligent observation is most necessary. As the success of our efforts on this earth seems to depend to a large extent upon the direct or indirect assistance we receive from those with whom we work and live, the cultivation and practice of co-operative spirit is essential, and the best way to obtain and exhibit it is by practicing the Golden Rule.

In your contacts with others, you have already found that the pleasant personality, the ready smile with the proper reserve, willingness to assist in all reasonable matters, smooths the daily way, assists without losing respect, and nearly eliminates the clash of personalities.

Study and observe intelligently. Be considerate and tolerant, and live as nearly as may be to the essentials embodied in The Florence Nightingale Pledge, and you will succeed.

May success and happiness attend each of you.

J. BARNES,
Manager, Calgary General Hospital.



TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1940

Graduation Day—The Day of Days—and it might be added, the Day upon which a real stocktaking of yourselves is most surely indicated. Three years of intensive training are now finished, and it is for each one of you to carefully nurse the essentials of your profession contacted during these three years, and ever build on them in the field of actual experience. Be students always.

We of the Calgary General Hospital, your Alma Mater, always, watch your leave-taking with the deepest concern, wondering what your place is to be in the community, and if your success is to be as we wish it for you.

The traditions of your noble calling have in large measure dictated the lofty ideals to which you must aspire, and your own school is justifiably proud in the feeling that you are each eminently fitted for the effort, in the contribution you are to make.

And so we reach the time for farewell. May your path be always onward and upward in your noble calling, and may you each in your own individual way contribute your just share to the betterment of humanity.

Every success, from,

Sincerely,

W. H. HILL, B.A., M.D., C.M., L.R.C.P., D.P.H.,
Medical Officer of Health and
Medical Superintendent of Hospitals.



MISS CANNON
Assistant Home Director

MISS CASEY
Home Director



NURSES' RESIDENCE — A BLOCK and B BLOCK

"GOINGS ON"

Those notices you posted—
New rites to us you boasted—
But often we have made you weep
By breaking all—in joyous fete.

You rang the bell at half-past ten—
We should be tucked in bed by then;
But when you came to make the rounds,
What naughty children there you found.

The radios were going strong,
And voices rang out loud and long—
Hey! Who can lend a bit of soap?
Or, have you heard the latest joke?

And sometimes—for a special date—
We'd ask you for an extra late.
Of course, we hadn't signed the book,
But our excuse you often took.

So thanks for everything you've done,
You've made our stay here lots of fun;
And though we've known you three short years
Our memories of you both rate cheers.

—R. GOLD.

Our sincere thanks and appreciation to Miss Hooper, Assistant Home Matron during Miss Casey's absence.



OUR SUPERVISORS

Miss Matheson (Maternity), Miss Macdonald (4th Floor), Miss Aikenhead (Diet Kitchen),
 Miss Sackville (Diet Kitchen), Miss Corbett (1st & 2nd West), Miss Whale (3rd Floor)
 Miss Novis (4th Floor), Miss Von Gruenigen (2nd East)
 Miss Murphy (Operating Room Supt.)



Miss L. Shantz, Miss M. Cox
 Night Supervisors.



MISS A. HEBERT
 Assistant Superintendent



MISS J. CONNAL
 Nursing Instructress.



MISS AULD
 Training School Officer

In Memoriam

DR. EUSTON SISLEY

Died March 20th, 1940.

DR. ROBERT EDGAR
BUSWELL

Died April 16th, 1940.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

—James Montgomery.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

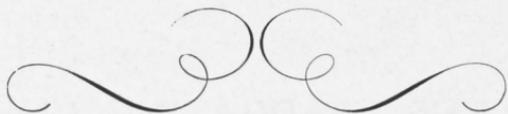
We would like here to register to the doctors of our staff our sincere appreciation of their unfailing interest during our three years of training.

Particularly would we thank those of the staff who have, through their lectures, given freely of their time and knowledge to enable us to lay a solid foundation to our nursing career.

Anatomy and Physiology	Dr. H. Inksater
Materia Medica	Dr. McLean
General Medicine	Dr. R. R. Hughes
Anaesthesia	Dr. J. Allen
Gynaecology	Dr. W. A. Lincoln
Surgery	Dr. I. H. Brodie
Communicable, Nervous and Mental Diseases ...	Dr. G. D. Stanley
Obstetrics	Dr. Clara Christie
Psychiatry and Neurology	Dr. I. H. Brodie
Pediatrics	Dr. E. B. Roach
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat	Dr. A. Fettes
Public Health	Dr. W. H. Hill
Orthopaedic Surgery	Dr. F. T. Campbell
First Aid—Theory	Col. J. Reid
First Aid—Practical	Mr. Starr
Tumors	Dr. McGuffin
Urology	Dr. J. E. Palmer

We also appreciate the following lectures for which we here express our gratitude.

Dietetics	Miss Sackville and Miss Aikenhead
Operating Room Technique	Miss J. Murphy
Massage	Miss Spreckley



IN APPRECIATION

We greatly appreciate the interest extended to our School in many ways by the Calgary Hospital Board. With grateful thanks we wish to acknowledge the contributions made for our social functions from time to time.

Members of the Calgary Hospital Board - 1940

Mr. S. H. Adams (Chairman).
Mrs. J. B. Corbet.
Ald. F. R. Freeze.
Mayor A. Davison.
Mr. V. B. Graveley.
Mrs. A. Gunn.
Ald. G. C. L. Lancaster.
Mr. W. Little.
Mr. J. E. Worsley.

Retiring Member - 1939

Col. Cunnington.



TO THE GRADUATING CLASS

The trained nurse as a member of society may be regarded from many points of view, but there is one quality that is displayed by her so consistently that I want to single it out. It is Loyalty—loyalty to her patients, loyalty to the doctors under whose direction she works, loyalty to her hospital and training school, and loyalty to her fellow nurses.

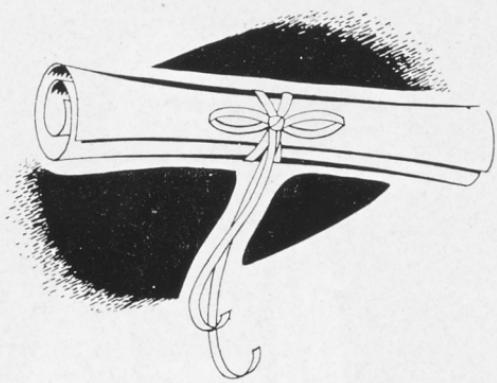
While the nurse may not have poured out to her all the secrets of life, as does the minister and doctor, she is often in homes, the miseries of which cannot be hidden, and becomes the involuntary possessor of sacred confidences. Under these circumstances, it will be well for her to recall that verse in the Bible that says, "If thou hast heard a word, let it die with thee, and be bold, it will not burst thee."

Loyalty of the nurse to the doctor is one of the most important factors in securing the recovery of the patient since it is only through co-operation between these two that the patient receives the full benefit of the doctor's knowledge and the nurse's skill in carrying out treatments.

Loyalty to one's hospital and training school is part of a class spirit that benefits the individual who experiences it more than the institution toward which it is directed.

Loyalty to each other is almost a matter of instinct as is loyalty to one's family. Nurses are members of a sisterhood proud of its record of service, famed for its readiness to make sacrifices, untiring in its efforts to ease the suffering.

—CLARA CHRISTIE.



"Seniors"



"The Lady with the Lamp"



THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE



I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practise my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not take or knowingly administer harmful drugs. I will do all in my power to maintain and elevate the standards of my profession and will hold in confidence all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.



**ETHEL ANDERSON—Calgary,**

Ethel is usually the first to be picked on when it comes to "quizzes." As senior of our class, we must have worried her greatly with our constant chatter during roll call. She was also one of our representatives with the Victorian Order of Nurses.

★ ★ ★

MURIEL BARNES—Calgary.

One of the more conservative members of the class and admired by all of us. She is usually very quiet, but "In truth she has a wit."

★ ★ ★

EUNICE CADDICK—Calgary.

Her motto seems to have been:—

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing that I can do or any kindness that I can show to any human-being, let me do it now—for I shall not pass this way again."

★ ★ ★

FRANCES COLE—Calgary.

Our first impression was that she was quiet and shy, but before long she became noted for her ever-ready supply of jokes.



PHYLLIS CRAIG—Calgary.

Phyl. is a pocket-edition of "Nursing Knowledge." Her ability to find humor in any situation and an infectious giggle have saved the class in its darkest hour.

"Here's hoping she goes over as big in the future as she does here."



RUTH FARNSWORTH—

Edam, Sask.

Came all the way from Edam, Sask. She is chubby, mischievous and full of fun as well as being an efficient worker. Ruth deserves our best bouquets.

"I'll not confer with sorrow
Till tomorrow;
But joy shall have her way
This very day."



ANN RAE GOLD—Calgary.

For three years Rae's bubbling laughter has enlivened 'A' block (and other places) and now we are to lose her. Happy the place that claims her next.



RUTH HARPER—Calgary.

Her sparkling smile has won for her not only "Chet" but the friendship of all with whom she has come in contact.

"When she will, she will, and you can depend on it.
When she won't, she won't, and that's an end on it."


KATHLEEN METHERAL—
Edmonton.

The redhead from Edmonton, known to us all as "Kay."

"None knew thee but to love thee;
None named thee but to praise."


KATHLEEN MOORE—Calgary.

Born in the land of harps and shamrocks, and will fight to the limit for her friends and her convictions.

"A modest blush she wears, not formed by art—
Free from deceit her face and full as free her heart."


CHRISTABELLE NELSON—
Calgary.

"Knows to us as Chrissie,
And she was so gay;
She's gone south of the border,
Down Idaho way."


MARGARET NEWBORN—
Calgary.

According to the rules of medicine she should be "fair, fat and forty," but she came to us fair, sweet and just past twenty.

"And she's your friend today; she'll ever be."



MARGARET OGILVIE—Calgary.

Known better to her intimate classmates as "Oge." She was born with a bell in her voice and a spring in her step.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate."



**MARY B. PATTISON—
West Summerland, B.C.**

"Polly"—a bit of eastern affection transmitted to C.G.H. and now fully westernized. We extend to you our sincere thanks for your splendid work as editor.



JUNE POLLEY—Calgary.

"Here's to the girl that's strictly in it,
Who doesn't lose her head for a minute;
Plays well the game and knows the limit,
And still gets all the fun there's in it."



ELSPETH RAE—Calgary.

"Spiff" has a fine engaging personality and counts her friends in scores. Diagnosis: President of senior class. Prognosis: Excellent. Treatment: Fun, food, frolic.

"All that is loyal, happy, true, she is."



PEARL ROIS—Calgary.

Sincerity, reliability and efficiency in all she undertakes have won for her the respect of her classmates.



MARJORIE YOUNG—Calgary.

A quiet member of the class and everybody's friend. She is always calm, poised and self-assured. Marj. is often seen with Kay and Elspeth.

"Quiet, yet free in manner,
Not upset by trifles or given to trifling."



NORMA BASS—Calgary.

Take laughter, originality, enthusiasm and a cheery disposition. Mix in equal quantities, season with a little bit of worry, and the result is—Norma.

"She has wit and song and sense,
Mirth and sport and eloquence."



LOUISE BUCKLEY—Calgary.

"Come on, Buck, it's almost 20 to 7."
Was a popular member of Crescent Heights High School for several years before coming in training. Was seen in the company of a handsome rugby player during the summer.

"She's the idol of many males;
She has a smile that seldom fails."



EDNA BURWASH, Calgary.

A really good-hearted girl, always willing to do her part, anytime, anywhere. Edna says she only "bowls 32," but—practice makes perfect.



FRANCES CARLSON—Calgary.

Always smiling and willing to help. Most of us wonder how it is she races the street car home, and gets there first, not even out of breath.

"One makes one's own happiness only by taking care of the happiness of others."



JENNIE COZICK—Calgary.

Some call her "Jennie May." She will be remembered for her neatness, naps and "that contagious laugh."

"Sleep is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole—
In the morning."



JOAN DAWSON—Calgary.

A bonnie lassie with definite Scotch taste.
" 'Tis hard to break through her reserve,
But to those who are admitted she is a
staunch friend."



GWEN DAVIES—Medicine Hat.

Label—Davy.

R—A good sport and full of fun.

Sig.—A large dose as often as possible.

Result—A cure for the blues.



JEAN GILES—Marwayne, Alta.

"J" is for joyful,—she's merry and bright;
"E" is for earnestness—strong for the
right;

"A" is for age she so willingly gives;
"N" is for naturalness, where'er she lives.



MURIEL GOODE—Medicine Hat.

Another girl from Medicine Hat. Good-hearted and always busy.

"So much to do, and so little time in
which to do it."



PHYLLIS HAIRSINE—Calgary.

There's lots of fun with Phyl. She's liable
to have a violent attack of giggle-ititis,
anytime, anywhere. Often heard saying,
"You look like the sea-hag's sister."

"Believe in the better side of men.
It is optimism that really saves people."



VERONA HAYES—Gleichen, Alta.

Upon her small shoulders fell the task of secretary. Our sincere appreciation for keeping us and our accounts straight. Here's to the very best the future may hold for you.



STELLA HODGSON—Rosedale.

Good luck, Stella, we shall watch you rise, and may you find as much happiness as you have given others.

"Rudeness is not in her, nor any offence."



DORIS HUNTER—Calgary.

Doris' interest has soared high and we don't wonder, for—

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."



**HELEN B. MCPHERSON—
Kamloops, B.C.**

This blonde, blue-eyed girl from Kamloops has the ambition to see the world. Our best wishes go with you, Helen.



PHYLLIS NEAME—Calgary.

"She's gentle, sweet, and jolly too;
Her ready wit is keen and true."

In a quiet, unobtrusive way Phyllis has
won for herself the love and esteem of us
all.



CECELIA ROSE—Calgary.

Greeted her first sunrise in along about
191—. Well, who wants to know anyway?
Deda is a willing, thorough, conscientious
nurse—excels in high marks and late
risings.

"Those who bring sunshine in the lives of
others
Cannot keep it from themselves."



GWENNETH TAYLOR—Calgary.

Born?—Incidentally. Where—why ask
me. Why?—Darnifino. Gwennie speci-
alizes in heart conditions, both on and off
duty.



JEAN THOMSON—Namaka, Alta.

"Hello," chuckled Jean one June morning
in 1918—and she's been a happy brown-
eyed lassie ever since.

"A cheerful heart is better than much
medicine."



**MARGARET WILLIAMSON—
Armstrong, B.C.**

Another example of "good things in small parcels" is this dark-haired lass from B.C.

"Made up of wisdom and fun
Of all that is fair and dear.

★ ★ ★

ROSE ZURAWEL—Calgary.

Rose is our own Sonja Henie from out Ogden way.

"She's not very big, but she's cute and she's wise,
And she knows a whole lot for her age
and her size."

PONOKA AFFILIATE

★ ★ ★

FRANCES LANGLEY.

Our affiliate from Ponoka Mental Hospital. "Frankie" got her education somewhere near Athabasca. Deciding to find some warmer clime, she migrated south and has spent the last two years with us.

"Whose cheery confidence assures
A refuge from despair."

THE DIET KITCHEN

It's the hardest thing I ever tried,
This learning how to cook.
When you ask, "How do you make it?"
They say, "You'll find it in the book."

At first the place amazes one,
It hums so busily,
And everyone knows how to cook,
That is—everyone but me.

There's a smell of something burning,
Senior yells, "Hey, watch your toast."
"I never burnt a single piece"
I hear one lady boast.

"Don't dare open that oven door,"
Someone shrieks above the dim,
"That cake will sure be ruined,
For it's just now been put in."

Thank heaven for the doctors
On whom the blame I lay
For the awful diet I prepare
For the patients every day.

Then the Diabetic menus
Cause me much mental strain;
All portions are so strictly weighed
And the dessert is awfully plain.

Just so much carbohydrate,
Just so much protein and fat.
"Oh you dumbell," some one shrieks,
"You can't give a diabetic THAT!"

On and on it goes, until
I think I'm going mad,
For now I am the Senior
And things are twice as bad.

THE DIET KITCHEN—continued

For I'm at the final stage
Where I am told to make
(By methods unfamiliar)
A dainty angel cake.

Six weeks are up and out I go,
This can I truly say,
A worse cook never sallied forth
From the C.G.H.—D.K.

—FRANCES LANGLEY.



THERE'S AN ART IN CLOSING DOORS

An article which appeared on the door of two of our recent graduates and which they wish to pass on to others who have the same complaint:

"I find folk who don't shut doors a bit annoying. When they enter a room you say, 'Will you shut the door?' The usual reply is, 'I'm just going out again.' Out they go, leaving the door open, and to your repeated request they answer, 'I'll be back in a minute.'

Very few people are accomplished in the art of opening and shutting doors. So many seem to fly at the handle and joggle it about and then bang the door.

It is possible to open and shut a door with practically no noise whatever and only a little practise is necessary to add this refinement to the life of the home.

"IF"

If you can crack a joke when all about you
Are so fed up they don't know what to do;
If you can come on duty and be cheerful
When you are feeling on the verge of 'flu;
If you can live the whole day through without a ward-maid,
Admissions pouring in and dinners late;
If you can comb and scrub them all and like it,
And come off smiling when it's half-past eight;
If you can think the Head Nurse really loves you,
And only runs you round for your own good,
When she says the bathroom is disgraceful,
And your "hoppers" never look the way they should;
If you can scrub out everlasting lockers
Till your knees are red with kneeling on the floor,
And still believe yours is a noble calling,
And never long to be at home once more;
If you can stay the whole day through and never grumble,
Nor only seem to wash and polish paint;
If you can do all this and keep your reason—
You're not a nurse, my girl, you're just a Saint.

—Adapted.

WIT and HUMOUR

Bill, investigating the cause of the broken window in Maternity. Measuring the sash he entered the details in his notebook and passed through the hall. "Good heavens!" he cried, "This is worse than I expected. It's broken on both sides."

Dr. Christie (during medical inspection): "You must avoid all forms of excitement."

Wilf: "But can't I even look at them in the street."

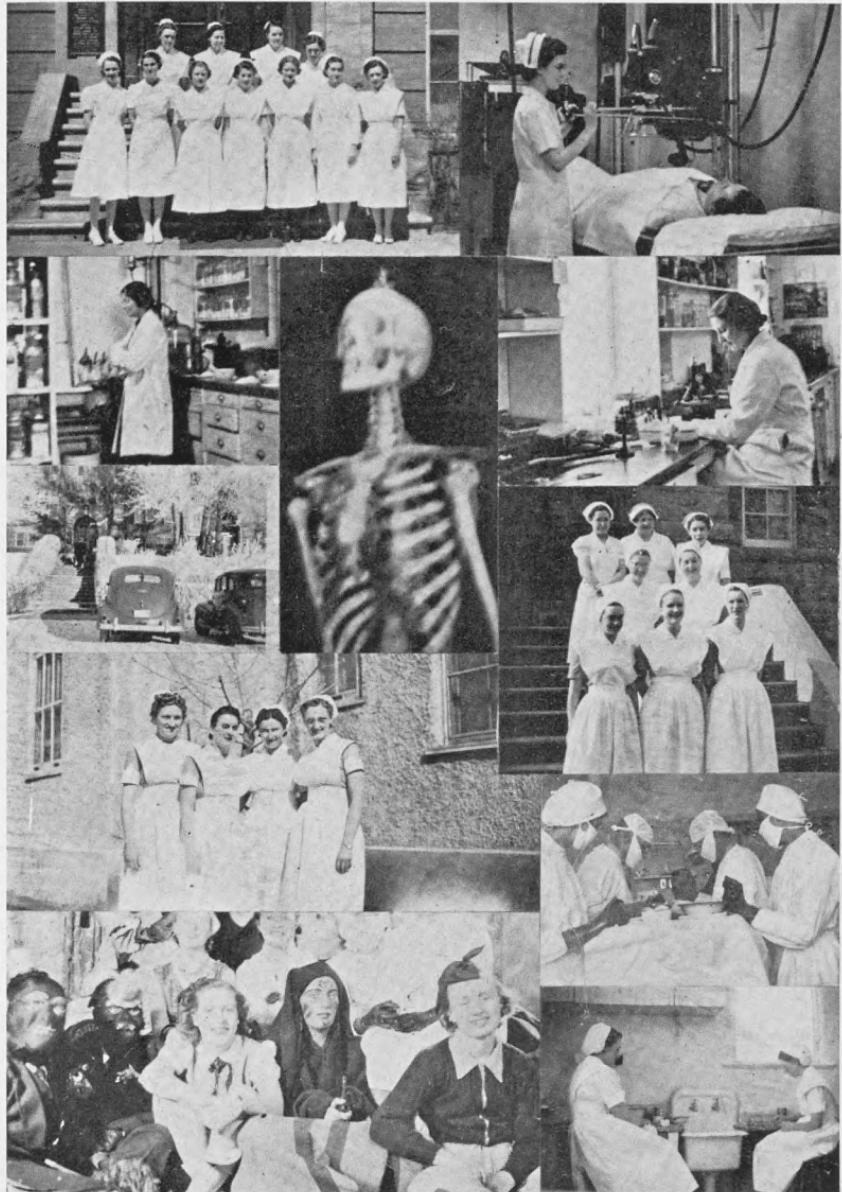
Hunter—"We're going to give Murdena a shower."

McKeague—"Count me in, I'll bring the soap."

Ogilvie to Farnsworth—"If you took a bronchoscope and looked in a dog's lungs, what would you see?"

Farnsworth—"Air I suppose."

Ogilvie—"No, you'd see the seat of his pants."



1. O.R. Staff. 2. X-Ray. 3. Drug Room. 4. Oscar. 5. Lab.
6. Winter approaching. 7. Isolation Staff. 8. Our Ponoka Affiliate.
9. The Real Thing. 10. At Hallowe'en. 11. The Labor Temple.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

ENTERING APRIL, 1937.

Half-yearly milestones marking our social activities during our training.

- I. An enjoyable Theatre Party at the "Palace" when we saw "The Good Earth."
- II. Despite the heavy snowstorm, a pleasant evening was spent at Moore's.
- III. Remember the scores, good and otherwise, made at the Windsor Bowling Alleys? Thanks, Mrs. Ogilvie, for feeding the hungry bowlers.
October 31st was celebrated by a much enjoyed and exceptionally noisy Hallowe'en Party at Gold's.
- IV. Once again the Windsor Bowling Alley was honored by our endeavors. (Isn't it a pity we didn't learn to score). Those were certainly fine speeches that accompanied our lunch at the Mandarin Gardens.
We hope everyone had enough to eat at the Weiner Roast at the river. The coffee, flavored with sand, WAS appetizing, wasn't it?
- V. Spiff's mother was our hostess at a Bingo Party. Amusing prizes were given to the lucky winners.
My, but didn't we make charming children at a Hallowe'en Party at Ogilvie's.

The most important milestone was Graduation, attended by numerous get-togethers.

CHRISTMAS PARTIES

It was December 28th and each Senior and Intermediate proudly paraded in front of A. Black's long mirror dressed in her prettiest party frock while admiring Juniors look on and willingly adjusted hair bows and corsage. Of course we had looked forward to Christmas, but even more we had waited for this—"The Christmas Party."

Perhaps it was because we had had so much fun blowing up balloons and pinning streamers that afternoon that we enjoyed every detail that night. But soon it was all over and we put away our silver slippers for another year.

We had said it was so much fun planning a party, but by the time Christmas had rolled around again we were willing enough to be the guests of honor. Our many thanks to the Intermediates for the fun and good time they planned for us. The class pins you presented us with will always be one of the prize treasures we carry with us from C.G.H. May next year's Intermediate show you as lovely a time as you showed us.

ENTERING OCTOBER, 1937.

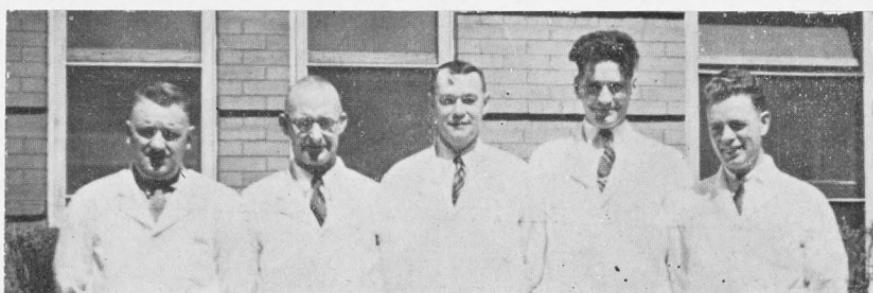
Yes—six whole months of our training were behind us and that called for a celebration. It took place in the form of a theatre party where everyone enjoyed "Marco Polo." Even after nursing such a short eating had already become our favorite pastime, so everyone realizes how much the lunch we had afterwards at the Mandarin meant to us.

In spite of the fact that it was a bit chilly and that the trees had already begun to shed their leaves in preparation for winter, everyone enjoyed getting into their slacks and going to the river for the "Weiner Roast." Remember we ate so much that we even had to carry three bottles of pop home again.

And the night we all went over to Cozick's home. We played various card games until our party manners were gone, where upon we loosened up to have the most wonderful time. In fact, we even went so far as to send someone home to ask Miss Casey for an extra half hour's leave, which she so kindly granted us. Thanks from all of us to you and your mother, Cozick, we still dream about that lovely chocolate cake.

Two years meant we were on the homeward stretch and a large, two-candled birthday cake on the table of Mrs. Rose's dining room at the "Kids' Party" served as a reminder of the fact. Bass in long braids and horn-rimmed glasses and acting as stupid as possible won first prize, while Dawson, who was prettily dressed in a big sun bonnet, won second prize. Didn't we all enjoy those kiddish games again—London Bridge, I Spy and Tug of War. We'd like to thank you, Mrs. Rose, and apologize for making so much noise.





"OUR ORDERLIES"

In a hospital's institution
 Orderlies form a constitution,
 They add to its perfection—
 And ours are no exception.

For Wyers—or "Alec"—on the spot,
 Applying casts falls to his lot;
 At things like this he's tops, we'd say—
 His jokes are first hand, by the way.

George is there on all occasions,
 Accidents or vaccinations;
 At Christmas he is in his prime,
 An organ grinder quite divine.

Jones or Jonesy known to all,
 His O.R. days he'll often recall,
 Especially when he swabs the floor
 He often sings—a lovely war.

Mansfield seems to get his share
 Of fun, and also wavy hair;
 He's always there to do his bit
 And make life happier with his wit.

Wilf is what we'd call a sport,
 At all times he has some retort;
 We've never known the lad to pout,
 Things all go right when he's about.

Jerry, with unruly locks,
 To us all he always talks;
 Though he hurries off at seven,
 Is always there—sharp at 11

Though Pat is thin and kind of lanky
 He's always nice and never cranky;
 And is he proud of his position
 Since the family got a new addition.

Jack is the newest on the staff,
 He's good at all times for a laugh;
 Though recently he pulled a trick—
 Appendectomy—and quick.

And Owens, though he's left our fold
 To join the army, so we're told,
 Was always there to do his work—
 His duties he would never shirk.

R. GOLD.

ISOLATION

For nearly three years we work and study within the four walls of C.G.H. But two short months we spend elsewhere.

Set apart from all the busy activity is the quiet corner we know as Isolation Hospital. Although so far away, it is yet a very necessary part of C.G.H. and very valuable to our training.

In the daytime we had the helpful guidance and advice of Miss Campbell and Miss Randall. Those of us who had our Isolation training early had the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Payne. Now Miss Blair is always on hand at night.

The day begins early at Isolation. Sleepy little ones are bathed and tidied up long before the day staff arrives on duty at 7 a.m. The first duty of the day nurses is to give every one breakfast. For those patients still on milk and water there is always the promise of better things to come. After breakfast begins the familiar routine of gargles, combing hair, and the ever-present cups of milk and water. Dinner is followed by a "nap," but eager eyes pop open at the first sound of the tray bringing orange juice or ice cream.

All day little fingers are busy with crayons and jigsaw puzzles. There is laughter and singing, but when seven o'clock comes, heads begin to nod and eyes blink sleepily. Another day is over, and that means one day nearer the time to go home.

Before you realize it, two months have slipped by and with many happy memories we say "Farewell" to Isolation and return to C.G.H.

A NURSE'S PRAYER

The world grows brighter year by year
Because some nurse in her little sphere
Puts on her apron, and smiles and sings,
And keeps on doing the same old things—
Taking the temperatures, giving the pills
To remedy mankind's numerous ills;
Feeding the babies, answering the bells,
Being polite with a heart that rebels,
Longing for home, and all the while
Wearing the same old professional smile,
Blessing the new-born baby's first breath,
Closing the eyes that are stilled in death,
Taking the blame for all mistakes,
Oh, dear! What a lot of patience it takes.
Going off duty at seven o'clock,
Tired, discouraged, and ready to drop,
But called out to help at seven-fifteen,
With woe in the heart that must not be seen.
Morning and evening, noon and night,
Just doing it over, hoping it's right.
When we report off to cross the bar,
Dear Lord, will You give us
Just one little star
To wear on the cap
Of our uniform new—
In the ward above,
Where the Head Nurse is You.

HIGHLIGHTS OF GRADUATION

Eight o'clock, May 2nd, 1940—First Baptist Church—the moment had come.

To the strains of a triumphal march the thirty-eight graduates marched slowly to the front pews. The altar was a picture, banked with numerous baskets of beautiful flowers, and many were the bouquets of red and yellow roses that trembled at the momentous occasion.

The event of the evening arrived when Dr. Clara Christie took her place to address the Graduates. In days to come many times will words of wisdom be quoted by these Graduates from Dr. Christie's splendid address.

We are very proud of our classmates who carried off the honors. Miss Margaret Jane Ogilvie being awarded the Gold Medal for general proficiency, Miss Viola Kathleen Metherall, the Silver Medal for proficiency, and Miss Stella Hodgson, the coveted scholarship for highest theoretical standing.

It was very fitting to have had one of our own students as vocalist, in the person of Miss Muriel Wright, as well as a former student, Miss Hilda Paterson, R.N., on the programme. Another solo was rendered by Mr. Norman Kennedy, and Mme. Beatrice Chapman presided at the organ.

Following the exercises a reception and dance was held at Penley's Academy.

On Friday evening, May 3rd, the 1940 Graduates were guests of the Calgary General Alumnae when they held their Annual Banquet at the Palliser Hotel. The unique arrangement and perfect management of this whole affair was a splendid example of the type of work our C.G.H. Alumnae are doing.

Particularly impressive was the Florence Nightingale Big Sister, Little Sister Candle-lighting Ceremony, in which we were all initiated into the Alumnae.

During the evening we were entertained with several musical selections and a very good play.

It was a wonderful evening, and to think that we are now part of this organization, makes us very proud.

As Dr. Christie stated, "it takes sixty-four muscles to frown and thirteen muscles to smile," so we certainly could not be accused of straining facial muscles when we were entertained so royally.

E. RAE.

MATERNITY DAYS

THE ONLOOKER

I was on the outside—
A stranger looking in.
Everthing around me
Was in an awful din.

Carts were being hastily
Transferred down the hall—
Hope those busy nurses
Hear my wife call.

Ah, at last it's over—
Couldnt' feel much worse,
Feel a little faint so
Had better call the nurse.

What, he's really handsome—
But then look at his Dad.
Guess I'm pretty good, eh!
My guess wasn't bad.
Guess I'll wait a little while,
So I'll see the boy;
Sounds more like a fire alarm,
Looks just like a toy.

FROM THE INSIDE

Looking back those three short years
Memories are always dear;
Such as days we spent in Mat—
When we had fun "for all that."

Starting on the daily rounds,
Quietly—but soon we found
Sometimes quite a riot starts
And there's sure a rush for carts.

Days when things were in a mess—
When three came off at once—I guess
Things now will start to hum,
Everyone is on the run.

Nites—when only one door has to creak
To make us all jump to our feet,
And perhaps sigh with relief
It was the wind which caused our grief.
And many a tale we could recall
We've all experienced—yes all—
For they are days we can't forget,
And ones we never will regret.

R. GOLD.

THE BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS

As pay-day nears
 We're in arrears,
 With no car fare
 We walk for air.
 Our hopes are high,
 But cars fly by.
 Our feet they ache,
 We slack our gait.
 We look behind—the road is clear,
 A good long walk is what we fear.
 Suddenly a car appears
 And silently we give three cheers.
 We glance behind at the license plate—
 Hurrah! it belong to a familiar crate.
 With no more worry
 We're told to hurry.
 We settle down
 And go to town.

WIT and HUMOUR

Who heard Barnes advertising Palmolive Soap?

Was Dr. McNab surprised when Dr. Dixon congratulated him on the birth of a son at 3 a.m. — Sorry—wrong number.

We wonder if Caddick knows the art and principals of Parlour Rugby yet?

Is Chief Wet Blanket Polley still stopping traffic on Riverside Boulevard?

Tommie: Where in — did I get this hair net?

Cole's theme song — "I cried for you!"

What chain barred what door against what intruder?

Remember the night 2nd east sent a flood call to 4th east—who left the tap running?

Things We'll remember—

Anderson—Speeches.
 Barnes—Cap.
 Moore's—Blushes.
 Farnsworth's—Giggles.
 Gold's—Sneezes.
 Spiff's—Man Trouble.
 Cozick's—Hair.
 Hunter's—Aviator.
 Pattison's—Sailor.
 Dawson's—Highlander.
 Rois'—Sleepiness.

Escaped! One patient from 1st West. Who gave chase?

VALEDICTORY

Three years have passed! A very commonplace statement in itself, but what a wealth of meaning it holds for us of the Calgary General Hospital's Graduating Class of 1940.

The three years spent here are crowded with memories of varied impressions, from that first day of registration when we walked into Miss Macdonald's office with much apprehension, to the all important day when we receive our pins and diplomas.

It is with a mingled feeling of regret and anticipation that we say farewell. Regret? Yes! At leaving our adopted home and all those who have meant so much to us. But also a great anticipation for all that the future may hold for us, both in the strengthening of friendships formed here and in the singular opportunities which our profession extends to us.

And now it is our turn to step over the threshold into the adventure for which we have been preparing, we would say "thank you," one and all, who have shown your interest in us by giving unstintingly of your knowledge and council throughout these past three years. May we earnestly endeavor to express to you our sincere appreciation by striving to live up to the high ideals and example set us by those who have gone before, as is expressed in our motto, "Spectemus Agendo"—Let us be seen by our deeds.

M. PATTISON.

CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL School for Nurses

INTERMEDIATES - 1937-1940

Class Organization

Wednesday, November 2nd, 1938

Honorary President	Miss S. Macdonald
President	Miss Rae
Vice-President	Miss Buckley
Secretary-Treasurer	Miss Hayes

Entertainment Committee

Miss Thomson - Convener.
Miss Farnsworth, Miss Pattison, Miss Bass.

Adjustment Committee

Miss Rose - Convener.
Miss Barnes and Miss Craig.

Sick Committee

Miss Dawson - Convener.
Miss Ogilvie and Miss Gold.

Class Motto

Spectemus Agendo — Let us be seen by our deeds.

YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

Editor	M. Pattison
Assistant Editor	V. Hayes
Business Manager	C. Rose
Photography	R. Gold
Advertising—	L. Buckley, N. Bass, J. Dawson.
Intermediate Reps.—	N. Richmond, M. Donnelly, E. Blackwood.
Junior Rep.—	W. Gray.

GRADUATES - 1939

NAME	PRESENT ADDRESS
Miss Betty Burwash	School for Graduate Nurses, Toronto University.
Miss Eileen Dymond	Central Alberta Sanitorium.
Miss Geraldine England	Private Duty, Calgary.
Miss Marg. Fitzpatrick	Wetaskiwin Hospital.
Miss Kathleen Fivchuk	Private Duty, Calgary.
Miss Hazel Greer	Junior Red Cross.
Miss Elinor Greig	Central Alberta Sanitorium.
Miss Antoinette Hegan	Dr. Auld's Office.
Miss Margaret Hodgson	Central Alberta Sanitorium.
Miss Doreen Johnston	Belcher Hospital (Military Service).
Miss Georgia Miller	Innisfail Hospital.
Miss Elizabeth Moores	Private Duty, Calgary.
Miss Violet Morrow	Student, University of Alberta.
Miss Jessie Mackenzie	Wales Home, Richmond, Quebec.
Miss Ruth Olsen	Wetaskiwin Hospital.
Miss Marion Simpson	Innisfail Hospital.
Miss Barbara Bailey	Mrs. T. Bewick, Calgary.
Miss Elizabeth Blair	Isolation Hospital, Calgary.
Miss Ruth Blenner-Hassett	Cereal Hospital.
Miss Annie Carlson	Private Duty, Calgary.
Miss Charlotte Langston	Private Duty, Calgary.
Miss Alice McCracken	Dr. Parson's Office, Red Deer.
Miss June Mills	Mrs. G. Butterwick, Calgary.
Miss Vera O'Dell	Private Duty, Calgary.
Miss Marjorie Pinchbeck	The White Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho.
Miss Eugenia Redpath	Wayne Hospital.
Miss Frances Remackel	Hospital, Morley.
Miss Blanche Shore	Private Duty, Calgary.
Miss Agnes Short	Galt Hospital, Lethbridge.
Miss Elizabeth Taylor	Staff, Turner Valley Hospital.
Miss Margaret Usher	Private Duty, Calgary.
Miss Eunice Wilkinson	The White Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho.



"Intermediates"

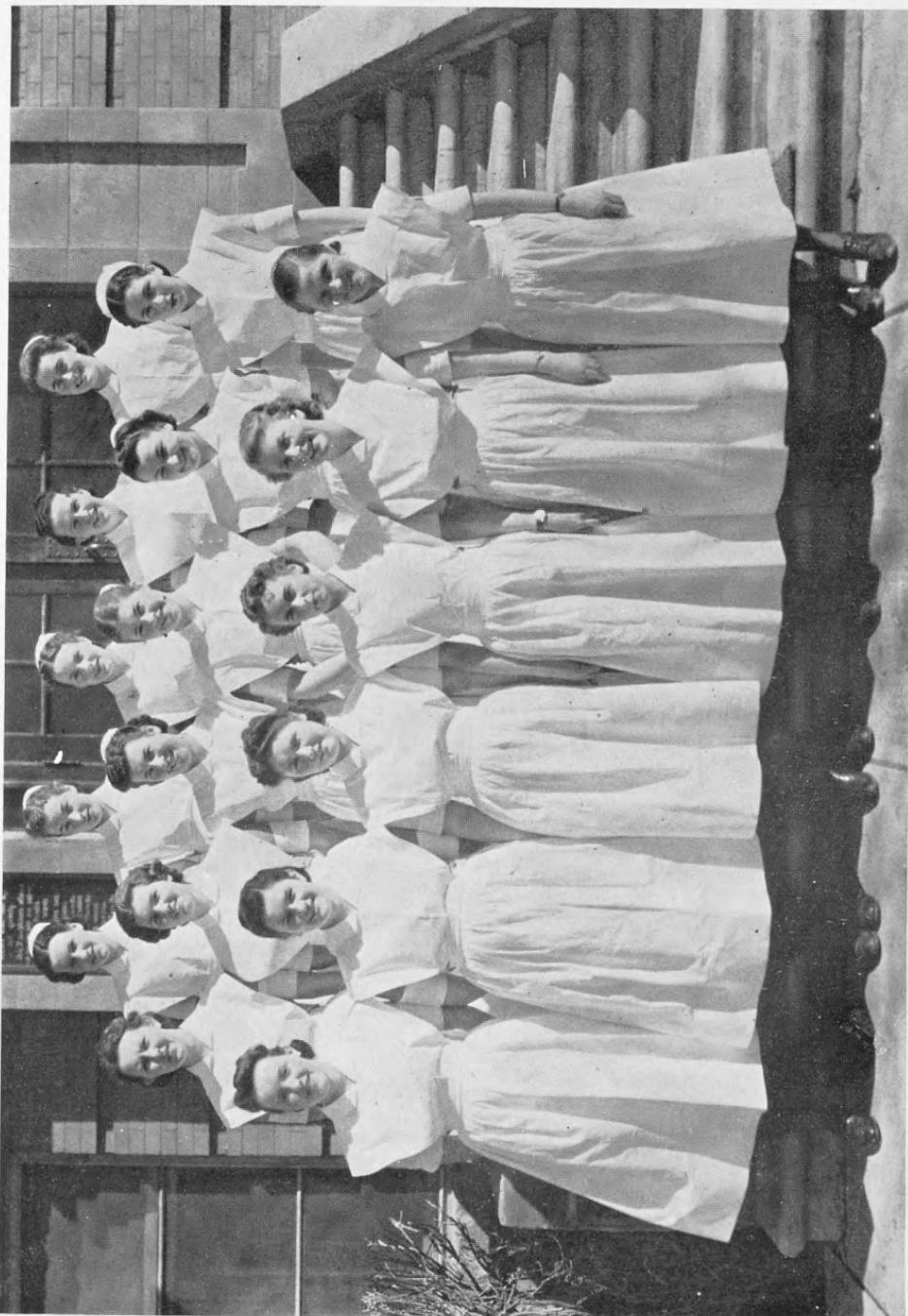
THE YEARS

Now only the beginning—slow, frightened, these women in blue can but dream of some day being “women in white.” They look with awe and idealistic reverence on that narrow black band signifying a victorious climax to three years’ hard work. And the years stretch ahead. The future is a hope, and the past is but a memory.

Though in its broadest sense nursing may be said to be co-existent with the growth of the human race, beginning with the first mother’s care of her offspring, our earliest knowledge of nursing care comes down through the records of centuries from the time when religious orders furnished practically the only nursing for suffering humanity. On through the eighteenth century—a dark period in the annals of nursing—to the time when the British public, in recognition of Florence Nightingale’s achievements in the Crimean war, raised a sum for the establishment of the Nightingale Training School—the first school designed for the training of women to enter hospitals and infirmaries, there to carry on the nursing of the sick and to extend the work of teaching. The years speed on.

Now we are nurses-in-training. So many things already behind us—our first day on wards—the Christmas party—midnight feasts of roast duck—burning toast in the morning—the wonder at the mystery of birth, and life, and death. The thrill of gratitude for the chums we’ve made. Soon it will be our Christmas party, and then our Graduation. We’ll wish, in quiet moments, for the gay crowd back, the heated discussions, the fun, and even the tears, just that we might be once more back with them. Still it is only the beginning, and the years wait ahead—more friends, more knowledge, more of life.

—B. FORD.



Top Row—C. Snowdon, R. Dickie, E. Blackwood, A. Davies, M. Hooper 2nd Row—H. Teskey, V. Taylor, M. Donnelly, M. Wright, B. Snow, M. McGregor. 1st Row—J. Farewell, B. Ford, T. O'Dell, E. Gifford, D. Bradley, V. Tuft.

INTERMEDIATE CLASS

BRADLEY, DOREEN—Our peppy senior from Calgary. Familiar to us all. Do you know what, kids?

CLARK, HELEN—The original 5 ft. 2 ins. of sunshine. Fits nicely in the "cape cupboard"

DEEG, BERTHA—Hails from Loyalta. A good-natured, mischievous little gal. Common exclamation: "Holy Doodle!"

DONNELLY, MILDRED—Can't decide where she likes to live best—just now it's Brandon, Man. Pet aversion—"pre-op. diagnosis."

GIFFORD, ERICA—A Calgary gal. Small, fair-haired, good-natured, and everybody's pal. Known by: "Have you got anything to read?"

LUXTON, MINOTA—A good "skate" from Banff. Sometimes unpredictable—particularly when the moon changes.

MacGREGOR, MURDENA—Home in Calgary. Is really air-minded. Favorite question: "Is the mail in?"

McKEAGUE, MONA—Arrived from High River. "Never hurry, never worry—it doesn't pay"—but she gets there just the same.

PATTON, GERTRUDE—Calls Calgary home. Tall and dark—and seriously contemplating matrimony

RICHMOND, NANCY—Has lived in Alberta and Saskatchewan alternately —now goes home to Canmore. Fair-haired and complected—a swell kid!

SNOW, BETTY—Came down from Innisfail. Real dark hair and twinkling brown eyes—a very nice combination.

WOODFIN, DORIS—Reached here from Saskatchewan. Small, blonde, and independent. Our bet is on her success.

WRIGHT, BETTY—Brought her lovely voice from Saskatchewan. Usually heard about 11.00 p.m.: "I simply must get to bed early!"

INTERMEDIATE CLASS

D. BENSON—Benny was born in the shadow "of them thar hills" west of Nanton. Sets us a good example as a senior. Her worst vice is mending stockings.

E. BLACKWOOD—Eleanore is a native daughter with versatile talents. She is never downhearted, but sometimes indulges in wistful thinking if skiing in Banff is mentioned.

R. CANN—She is very capable, and very mischievous, and shows her nationality by that nightly remark, "Let's have a cup of tea."

A. DAVIES—Annie, or "Frenchie" to you, skated down to us from as far north as Luscar. We are all very fond of her songs, her black curls and her sunny smile.

R. DICKIE—She is an independent gal with lots energy, a bad person to argue with (you always lost), but a good one if you want a friend.

J. FAREWELL—Dark, petite Jean, a poet of some renown. Spends her spare time chuckling over letters from home. Her chief worry—squeezing fifty cents from us every pay-day.

B. FORD—Barbara has always lived in Calgary. Her future as a nurse in Alaska is a must. Her boundless enthusiasm, especially for letter-writing and sailors.

M. HOOPER—Marg. is a Calgary girl, very adept at sewing a fine seam, especially for the little things in life. She also excels in singing smiling, and keeping her room tidy.

M. HUTCHISON—“Peggy” is from Cochrane. She always obeys her conscience and gets to breakfast on time, even if she doesn't get up until 6.27.

T. KOEHLER—Theresa is our curly-haired pal from Claresholm. She always has a joke and a cheery chuckle even when she tries to scold. Chief problem—getting her letter written to her family.

L. O'DELL—Lois is our red-haired member from Elbow Park. She is always good-natured (except when her family is in California). Problem: How to make money on the races.

B. OFSTEDAHM—“Ofstie” came to Calgary from Piapot, Sask. She is the blonde of our class and is a most vivacious miss, and lots of fun to know.

C. SNOWDEN—Chrissie is of Calgary. She is one of the very few who have learnt the secret of how to come in training and stay slim. She has a good sense of humor.

V. TAYLOR—Virginia came to C.G.H. from Gleichen. She made no mistake because she and nursing agree perfectly. We like her auburn hair—also Virginia.

H. TESKY—Helen is another Claresholm representative, but stopped off at Olds while on her way here. She is always ready, willing and able for work or fun.

V. TUFF—“Tuffy” of Calgary. She used to be a sprinter in her school days, and can still make the number 9 in .005 seconds. Her cross in life: “Night duty again!”

A. ALBERS—Alma, blonde and blue-eyed, comes from Meeting Creek. Is a Ponoka affiliate. Is still looking for the “perfect murder”, but as yet hasn't tried her schemes on us.

B. ROBERTSON—Betty, a native of Camrose, is a born diplomat and manages to keep peace in our Ponoka family. A very efficient nurse and liked by everyone.

V. WHITE—Verna transferred her brain power from Lougheed to Ponoka, and so to us. She's an enthusiastic worker and we predict a great future.

TO OUR SENIORS

We want to be a senior
Now its near the month of May,
To wear a cap, that's banded black,
On graduation day.
We'd like to have the gown of white,
The parchment and the pin,
The proud signs of achievement,
That it takes three years to win.

But we'd like to be a senior
More to know things you know,
For the wisdom and the courage,
And devotion that you show.
You taught us in your striving
What a nurse should be and do,
And made our dearest wish to be
A senior just like you!

J. FAREWELL.



DANGEROUS DAN KERCHOO

A bunch of the germs were hitting it up
In the bronchial saloon;
Two bugs on the edge of the larynx
Were jazzing a ragtime tune—
While back of the teeth in a solo game
Sat dangerous Dan Kerchoo;
And watching the pulse was his light of love,
The lady that's known as Flu.



"Juniors"

WE HAVE A PROFESSION

Called of God to use these hands,
 These minds, these bodies, as He commands.
 Divine this calling—to serve mankind,
 To give without asking—to leave self behind.

It's a gallant challenge we must throw out to life,
 And undaunted hearts we must bring to the strife.
 Never acknowledging nagging fear—
 We've a joyous faith and a vision clear.

Life, eternal miracle—we usher it in;
 Death, grim victor—must pass us to win.
 Hearts are sore where the Reaper stalks,
 And we smooth the paths where sorrow walks.

There will come in time a reckoning day,
 When facing God and mankind we can proudly say,
 "The ascent was steep—the hazards great,
 I have faithfully served—I have fulfilled my fate."

—S. MacKAY.

•••

INFLATION BY DEGREES

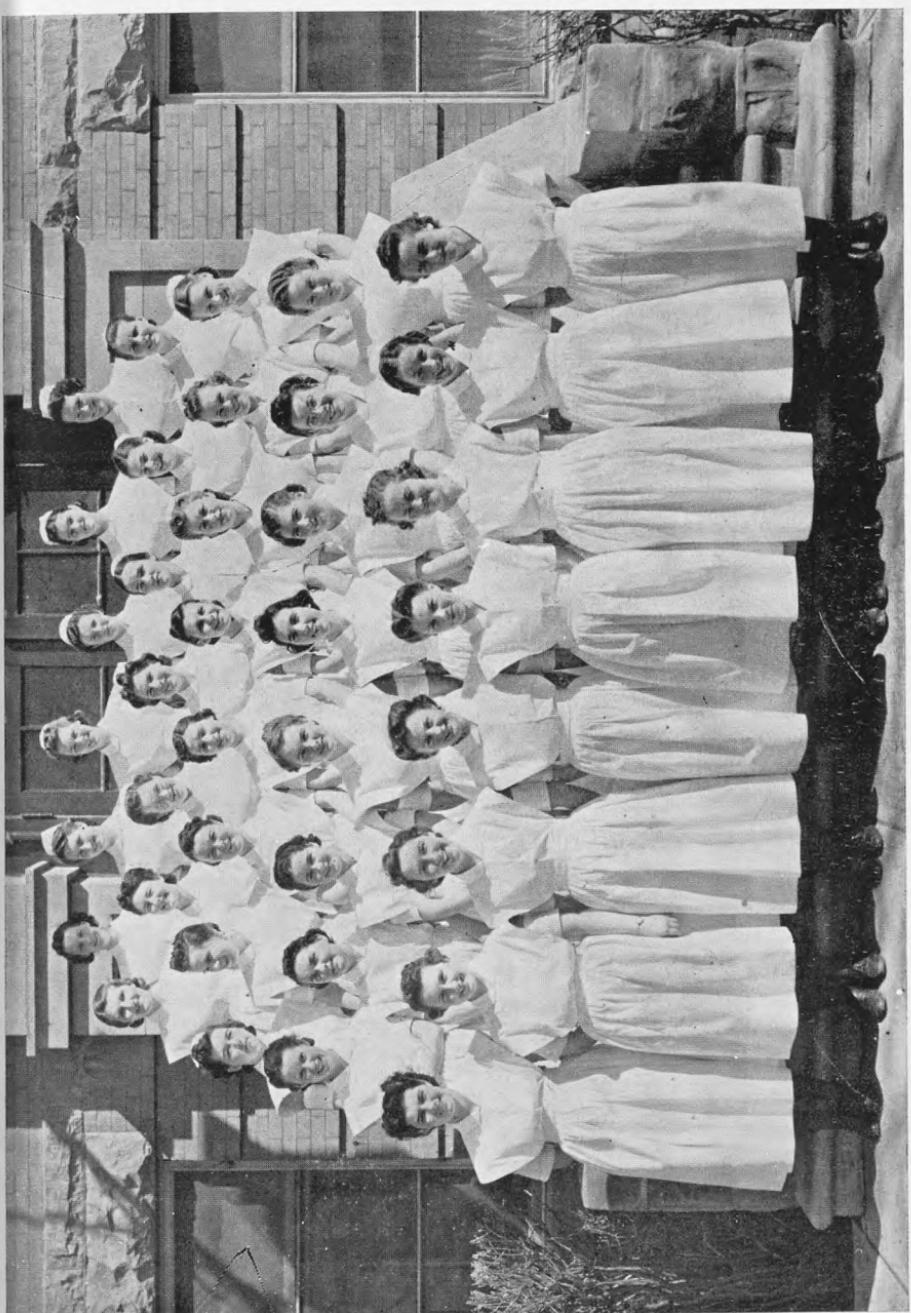
Probies' feet begin to swell first day on wards—
 They hurt like—! on trips to laundry, D.K., lab.;
 Not patients, but flunkies, should be in bed,
 With inflation—You said it! Your feet feel like lead.

Even pipe-stem arms start swelling in "Popeye" fashion
 From heaving patients up in bed—it seems a passion—this slipping,
 Or ever tried to pull the lift from 1st West, whew!
 That adds more brawny muscle too.

Feet, arms, legs, throw out your chest,
 What's that—a visceroptosis below your vest?
 Think you had to fill out your apron
 To have a practically general inflation (pardon poet's license).

Well so now your a senior—expand a bit more,
 And balance the top with what's on the floor.
 How can the cranium stand this last phrase, momentus
 Of inflation of head, which "probies" call stupendous?

—A. M. F.



5th Row—D. McLeod, J. Cowan, K. Newberry, M. King, W. Gray, M. Martin. 4th Row—R. Demetrovits, M. O'Neil, J. Howatson, R. Grennan, D. Pearson, G. Laing, A. Tomlinson. 3rd Row—C. Hicks, H. Hood, H. Gray, M. Bothwell, V. Blair, I. Olson, V. Renackel, B. Murray. 2nd Row—M. Sisson, E. Miller, S. MacKay, A. Finell, N. McPherson, C. Doull, M. Reed, M. Deyell. 1st Row—E. Simpson, M. Milnes, H. Pierce, V. Ridgway, D. Freeman, A. Freebairn, M. Box, M. Innes.

HOSPITAL

Hospital is a grand spot—
Assuming of course you have got
To the stage known as convalescent
And allowed chicken (or pheasant)
Which tastes like chicken (or pheasant)
And not like cardboard suspiciously flavored
With the anaesthetic that doctors favored;
Assuming also the three or possibly four
Cigarettes permitted per diem, smell more
Like tobacco and less like an act
Of incendiарism, or hay incautiously stacked.
Even though the old "wagon" is hitched
To a scar, it's good when you've been "unstitched"
To lie in bed in your ward
And observe how you're loved and adored
By your friends and relations.
(Even Aunt Jane, whose prognostications
Concerning your future career are not very rosy,
Has sent you a "get-well" posy).
Flowers and fruit greet you from every table,
You might be a stricken Tracy, a sick Clark Gable.
Oh, hospital is swell!
Though, mind you, it's just as well
To obey the rules, and employ a measure of stealth
In pursuit of your wants; and you musn't speak of your health
Or keep ringing your bell all day
If you mean to enjoy your stay.

At first it may seem a bit daft
That they wake you up to give you your sleeping draught,
Or at nothing a.m., just as the early bird hastens
To snap up the worm, they come along with their basins
And insist on washing you, whether you've had
A good night's rest or a bad.
But orders are orders; or else the whole show would go pop;
Does not General Routine rank higher than Major Op?
So you've got to be washed, dead or alive,
And all groomed up before the doctors arrive.
Sister would be uncapped
And nurse probably clapped

HOSPITAL—continued

Into irons for indiscipline
If the doctor walked in
And found the patient unwashed—
His pillows crumpled and squashed;
His hair not tidy and sleek,
And the flush of sleep on his cheek.
It is hospital etiquette
That whoever else gets in a sweat
The doctor must not be upset.
(So it's no use groanin'
Or writing to A. J. Cronin).

But hospital is grand;
It has an air, if you understand,
Not simply of disinfectant,
But of something gay and expectant—
As though any moment a queen
Might appear on the scene.
You feel that you ought (somehow)
To rise from your bed and bow,
When each morning at ten precisely
Matron sails in and informs you, you're "getting on nicely"—
Even on days, you recall,
When you seemed to be getting nowhere at all.
But if they say you're O.K.,
When you're feeling B.A.,
You're O.K.
And besides, they get terribly hurt
If you lie there just dumb and inert;
They think you're a humorless bloke,
Who can't enter into a joke.
For of course you're a blessed disgrace;
You ought to be out of the place,
Making way for a really bad case.
Yes, hospital is fine!
I'd a bit of quiet fun in mine.

I worship Florence Nightingale,
And think her life complete,
But oftentimes I wonder
If she suffered aching feet.

QUIZZICAL QUERIES

Has the car gone up yet?
Will you give me a pull with this mattress?
Have you got a stamp?
Who's got the key?
Does anybody know anything about the sterilizer?
Is the milk can full?
Is all the cleaning done?
Are the trays set up?
Is that anaesthetic bed made yet?
Have you a clean draw-sheet?
Are you p.-m.-ing?
What time are you off?
Are the trays all in?
Has anybody seen the clothes-book?



JUST IMAGINE !!

Blair making 20% in an anatomy quiz.
Remackel serious.
Bothwell without a telephone call.
Deyell sleeping in.
Murray in a violent temper.
Newberry without her compact.
Pierce with no corns.
McLeod excited.
Finnell kicking up a racket.
Laing wearing a bathrobe.
Olsen with her radio turned off before 10 p.m.
Milnes wearing Rosie's apron.
Demetrovits standing on a step-ladder to reach the top shelf.

every SMART nurse

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A DOCTOR'S MISTAKE

Young Doctor:—"I'm afraid I made a mistake in filling out a death certificate today."

Senior Doctor:—"How was that?"

Young Doctor:—"I absent-mindedly signed my name in the space left for 'cause of death'."

OVERHEARD IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD

Two small patients were talking—an old-timer in the ward, and a fairly recent arrival.

Said the old-timer: "Are you medical or surgical?"

The other shook his head. "Dunno what you mean!" he protested.

The first little boy looked scornful. He knew about hospitals. "Was you bad when you came?" he demanded, "or did they make you bad after you got here?"

SIGN ON A NURSE'S DOOR

If I'm studying when you come in, please wake me up.



1st Row—Joyce Berry, Marjorie Sinton, Marian Neilson, Isabel Tait, Dorothy Colgan, Nina Newton, Rose Curtis, Margaret Fitzsimmons, Helen Seymour, Florence Pattison, Doris Monck. 2nd Row—Jean Kidd, Merle Shaw, Rose Volkenburg, Margaret Gilbert, Helen McEntee, Aline Moen, Audrey Moen. 3rd Row—Marjorie Graham, Kathleen McNeill, Winnifred Van

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B RING you the foot comfort that is so essential for quick, efficient work. Each shoe has a built-in arch feature, is well sized in widths AA to D, and sizes 5 to 8½. Smart for off-duty hours, too, for the leather is shining white Elk (trade name) leather, styled with a neat touch of dressy stitching.

EATON PRICE, pair - - - - - **\$3.79**

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DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RINGS
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"Fill her up," said Stan, absent-mindedly to the waiter as he sat down in a restaurant with Verona Hayes.

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Any
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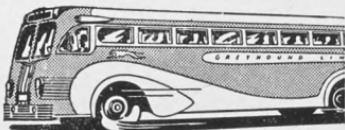
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